

Stranger Sighting by fullofwander

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

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Characters: Billy Hargrove, Dustin Henderson, Lucas Sinclair, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Steve Harrington

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Summary:

Steve hears something suspicious.

Stranger Sighting

Author's Note:

This is for Flippy's playing cards prompt challenge. I drew humor, nail-bat, Max, and public nudity. Enjoy! I'm on tumblr @fullofwander.

“What was that?” Steve asked as he leaned up, head tilting to the side as he attempted to listen through the dark room.

“What was what?” Billy propped himself up on his elbows, lips landing on Steve’s exposed neck and sucking lightly.

“I heard something. Billy, I heard something outside,” he said, pushing at the other man’s exposed chest.

“Someone just slammed a door or something. C’mon, Harrington, it’s an apartment complex. You hear all sorts of things,” Billy responded with a suggestive grin and a wink, hands running up Steve’s thighs. After a tense moment, Steve allowed himself to relax back into the caress. He turned back to him, kissing the corner of his mouth lightly before running his tongue over Billy’s bottom lip.

A loud thump and indistinct shouting made them both freeze this time, looking to the closed bedroom door. Billy sighed, sitting up all the way.

“Alright, let’s go take a look,” he said, knowing that Steve wouldn’t be able to relax again without checking outside the front door, a holdover from back when he was a teenager worrying about a bunch of kids getting eaten by monsters.

Billy was just reaching for a robe when a long, shrill scream ripped through the air, followed by a second shorter one.

“Shit!” Steve said, heart pounding in his throat as he rolled off of Billy and grabbing the nail-bat from under the bed. He tore out of the bedroom and into the living room, tripping over an open suitcase that one of their weekend visitors had left in the middle of the floor.

“Steve, wait!” Billy shouted from behind him, but he was already up and pulling the front door open, swinging out into the hallway with the bat held out in front of him with a battle cry.

The cry abruptly ended as he came face to face with Max, Lucas, and Dustin, singing loudly and off-key as they swayed down the hallway arm in arm in arm. Their faces were flushed, their eyes hazy. Their boisterous noises slowly tapered off as they realized who was standing before them.

Max looked down the length of Steve’s form in dumb shock, before slapping her hands over her eyes. “Why are you naked?!” she screamed.

The moment stretched out to an eternity as Steve looked down at himself – heart racing, standing in nothing but his socks out in the open air of his apartment complex – and yelped, dropping the bat and attempting to use his hands to regain some modesty.

The two boys stood statue still for a silent moment, staring at Steve standing there, wide-eyed like a plucked chicken.

Hysterical laughter suddenly poured out of Dustin, the boy bending over and taking big choking breaths. He leaned against the wall, slowly sliding down into a sitting position. “Dude,” he said, holding his stomach with one arm and waving the other in front of his face, “I didn’t need to see that!”

Billy sauntered over from the doorway, fully covered by his robe, casually holding out a second one to Steve. He looked over and smirked at his stepsister peeking through her fingers as Steve threw it on, giving his ass a loud smack through the fabric. Steve jumped, thrown off guard by the whole situation.

“Keep that ass covered for me, pretty boy,” he said, grinning wider at Max’s disgusted face.

Behind them, they heard a sound. “Ahem.”

Billy and Steve turned as one to face a little old lady with a gray hair bun and glasses perched on her nose standing in another open

doorway...their neighbor.

“Sorry Mrs. Willoughby! You know how it is, first night out in the big city! We’ll just...get out of your hair!” Steve said with a wide, fake smile, clenching the robe closed against his clavicle and attempting to usher everyone into the apartment. Mrs. Willoughby just stood there, watching them with raised eyebrows.

Dustin curled up into a ball on the ground, nearly hyperventilating from laughing so hard.

“Ok, fan the boy,” Steve said, pulling Dustin up off the ground and flapping a hand in his face. He pushed Max and Lucas in front of him, hissing under his breath at them under the neighbor’s shrewd eyes. “Can’t believe this. We let you stay with us during your perspective college visit, and you come home drunk! What kind of college is that? Scaring me half to death, screaming in the hallways. I’m never going to be able to look Mrs. Willoughby in the face again!”

Billy scooped the nail-bat off the ground and jauntily swung it over his shoulder, giving Mrs. Willoughby a sharp grin and a wave as he closed the door behind them.